

Poetical.

Song of the Dying Old Man to his Young Wife.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Kate, there's a trembling at my heart, a coldness on my brow,
My sight is dim, my breath is faint, I feel I'm dying now;
But ere my vision fades quite, ere all of strength be o'er,
Oh! let me look into thy face, and press thy hand once more!

I would my latest glance should fall on what I hold most dear;
But ah! thy cheek is wet again—wipe, wipe away the tear.
Such tears of late have often galled thy weeping eye-lid's fringe,
Such tears of late have washed away thy young cheeks' ruddy tinge.

I brought thee from a simple home to be an old man's bride,
Thou wert the altar where I laid affection, joy and pride;
My heart's devotion, like the sun, shone forth with dimless power,
And kept its brightest glory rays to mark its setting hour.

I brought thee from a simple home, where early friends had met,
And something filled thy farewell tone, that whispered of regret.
Oh! could I wonder, when you left warm spir-its like your own,
To dwell upon far distant earth, with age and wealth alone!

I gaze with holy fondness on thy meek retiring eye,
Soft in its beaming as the first fair star of evening's sky;
I marked the dimpled mirth around thy sweet lips when they smiled,
And while I loved thee as a bride, I blest thee as a child.

But, oh! thy young and glowing heart could not respond to mine,
My whitened hairs seemed mocked by those rich sunny curls of thine;
And though thy gentle faith was kind as woman's faith can be,
'Twas as the spring-flood clinging round the winter-blighted tree.

My speech is faltering and low—the world is fading fast—
The sands of life are few and slow—this day will be my last;
I've something for thy falling ear—bend close—list to my falling word,
Lay what I utter to thy soul, and start not when 'tis heard.

There's one who loves thee—though his love has never lived in speech—
He worships as a devotee, the star he cannot reach;
He strives to meet his throbbing breast, and hide its burning glow;
But I have pierced the veil, and seen the struggling heart below.

Nay, speak not; I alone have been the selfish and unwise;
Young hearts will nestle with young hearts; young eyes will meet young eyes;
And when I saw his earnest glance turn hopelessly away,
I thanked the hand of Time that gave me warning of decay.

I questioned not thy bosom, Kate—I cast upon thy name
No memory of jealous fear, no slightest shade of blame;
I know that he has loved thee long, with deep and secret truth;
I know he is a fitting one, to bless thy trusting youth.

Weep not for me with bitter grief; I would but have thee tell
That he who bribed thee to his heart, has cherished thee right well;
I give thee to another, Kate—and may that other prove
As grateful for the blessing held, as donating in his love.

Bury me in the churchyard where the dark yew branches wave,
And promise that thou wilt come sometimes, to weed the old man's grave;
'Tis all I ask! I'm blind—I'm faint—now take my parting breath—
I die within thy arms, my Kate—and feel no sting of death!

"A very excellent contrivance has been patented," says the Court Journal, "under the name of 'The Magnetic Page-turner,' which enables the pianist to turn over the leaves of the music before him without leaving off for an instant from the execution of the piece he is playing. This is a desideratum which we believe has often been attempted, but by the application of the magnet in a simple yet elegant way, it is now readily and completely accomplished. The instrument being fixed on the piano, is operated upon by a lever under the foot, which sets a rod tipped with a magnet in motion; this passes to the corner of the music, upon which small metal wafers are fixed, the attraction is accomplished, and with a rapid backward movement, the leaf is laid upon the other side. The page-turner is a most ingenious bit of mechanism, and being simple in its construction, is not likely to get out of order, while at the same time it recommends itself from its light and elegant appearance. To the finished pianist it will be invaluable.

"Heat one pound of sal soda to redness in an iron pot and dissolve it in a gallon of water. This wash will take off all the moss and dead bark, and kill all the insects on all fruit trees or grape vines, make them as smooth as though polished, and make the old trees bear again. Never whitewash a tree.

"They who have an honest and engaging look, ought to suffer a double punishment, if they belie it in their actions," Charron.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

Dow, Jr. has furnished every week, for some years, a short patent sermon for the New York Sunday Mercury. They were written by an able pen, and contain much wholesome advice, which is read by thousands who would be inaccessible in a more sober form. The following, aside from its quaint dress, has some excellent thoughts, and is appropriate to the present time. It was published on the last Sabbath of 1843.

On the Departure of the Year.

TEXT.

Gone! gone forever! Like a rushing wave, Another year has burst upon the shore Of earthly being—and its last low tones, Wandering in broken accents on the air, Are dying to an echo.—[Psa. xciv.]

My Hues—The occasion on which I now hold forth is more than ordinarily shaded with the deep under of solemnity. It is an occasion calculated to call forth thoughts dressed in the sober guise of pensiveness, and reflections appeared in the robe of solemnity, ornamented with the gold and silver trimmings of hope. Let there be silence! for another year has been entombed in the dark sepulchre of the past—another quill has been plucked from the fleet pinions of Time—and Eternity has received another dose of physics, by gulping into its insatiable maw the contaminated carcass of 1844. Don't ask why you should mourn over the grave of the past year, or joy over the cradle of the infant '44. You should mourn for the dead year, one and all. The young should mourn, because, by its demise, another flower has faded in the bouquet of their youthful delights, and another leaf has been turned over in the only volume of romance which the vast library of life affords; and the aged should mourn because another foothold has given away on the sand-bank of existence, leaving them to pull themselves up by the brittle weeds that grow upon the margin of their own graves.

You should rejoice, my friends—because, through the aid of Tempe's swollen flood, the ten thousand ills that have choked up your rivulets of happiness, have been swept into the sea of oblivion, there to lie and rot unheeded, like so many potato skins at the latter end of a gutter. What is a single year? methinks I hear you ask. It is of more importance than you seem to apprehend. In its dying struggles it hits us a kick in our alvine regions, and sends us another notch nearer to our everlasting homes; it deepens the furrows that Time has gently marked out upon the comely features of manhood, and crops white hairs from the barren poll of age. Since I last addressed you, my friends, the tip end of my conspicuous nose has been shored two inches farther into the portal of the tomb, and another wrinkle has been added to my corrugated brow; and so it is with the whole of you. Every annual circling of the sun by the earth you inhabit, winds up a fiftieth or a seventieth, as the case might be, of the cord of existence; and you will all kick the axle sooner than you expect, and, I fear, longer ere you are prepared for the agonizing squeeze.

My dear hearers—another year has gone—gone, forever! like a rushing wave it has burst upon the shore of earthly being, and fled back into the eternal ocean of nothingness from whence it sprang. The last echoes of its expiring moans now faintly echo upon the wintry air; and Nature does her mantle of mourning, while frozen tears drop roll down her distorted pliz. Yes, the old year lies now buried in the charnel-yard of by-gone ages; but the lovely daisied Spring will soon strew its grave with the budding blossoms of promise, and the thorns of future sorrow and we shall be covered by the sweetest of roses. But dear hearers, beware of this wretched delusion! If you grab too hastily at the flowers of anticipation, you may stand a chance of getting your digits scratched by the obtruding briars of reality.

The purest objects of this world are merely gilded with beauty, which vanishes with the first eager embrace—even as the artificial bloom which too many of our young ladies wear, is kissed away with the first rapturous snuff of the lover. The little space which is allotted to you all, between this and your final jumping-off place, can easily be surveyed by the watchful eye of prudence; and if you don't steer straight over mountain, meadow, bog and marsh, you will be likely to enter upon the threshold of hereafter, with torn trousers and weather-beaten souls.

This, my friends, is a time for solemn reflection. Look back to the dawn of the burst up year, and see what changes, since then, have taken place in the social world! Behold! how the friends of your youth have been stolen away—how many have resigned life's ephemeral breath—how many have shed their last tear of dejection, and closed their dim peepers in the thick darkness of death! 'Tis but a few short months since the late year rose as bright as a tin tea-pot on the happy, the careless and the lily; but where are they now? They have ended life's pilgrimage ere it has hardly commenced, and are now soundly slumbering on their pillows of dust in death's lonesome valley, where the soul presses cold on their crumbling bosoms of clay! When we look back upon those happy hours which oblivion has concealed forever. O, how beautiful they seem! and we cannot but wish that we had taken pains to secure their fat and tallow, as well

as their hide and hair, when they were present with us. But, what is gone, is gone for good. There is no use in trying to number the wrecks that time has left behind him, or in attempting to scrape up, with the spoon of recollection, the vast quantity of milk he has upset in his frolics. You must now look out for the future, and let the past perish in the sterile kingdom of forgetfulness. Commence a clean page in the journal of existence; and if a single blot of vice, should, perchance, stain its unsullied whiteness, rub it out, I pray you, before it becomes dried and fixed forever. Many of you profess as much religion as you well carry off without grunting; but I want to see you practice more morality, and now is the time to commence it. It is my particular desire that you should henceforth avoid all hypocrisies, cupidities, venalities, jealousies and revenge; and take up the weapons of honesty, truth, charity, temperance and love knock the devil himself down, should he presume to cross your path, and keep pushing straight ahead for the goal of righteousness, as though the hell-hounds of Hades were barking at your heels.

My dear friends! yet a little while longer, and no seasons will flourish around us. Old Time will fold his gray wings, and expire with the general burlesque of the universe; and silence for us all will prepare her dark mansion, where beauty no longer shall nourish her rose, nor the lily overstep the wan cheek of Despair; but we have this consolation; the eye shall be brightened with unfading lustre, when it wakes to true bliss in that everlasting realm of glory, where the sun never more shall go down on the grave of the year So mote it be!

TIGHT TIMES.

This chap is around again. He has been in town for a week. He may be seen on 'Change every day. He is over on the Pier, along Quay street, up Broadway, stalks up State street, looks in at the banks and lounges in the hotels. He borrows our merchants, and sends himself cozily in lawyer's offices. He is everywhere.

A great disturber of the public quiet, a pestilent fellow is this same Tight Times. Every body talks about him, every body looks out for him, every body hates him, and a great many hard words and no little profane epithets are bestowed upon him. Every body would avoid him if they could, every body would hiss him from 'Change, boot him off the Pier, chase him from Quay street, hustle him out of Broadway, kick him out of the banks, throw him out of the stores, out of the hotels, but they can't. Tight Times is a bore. A burr, he will stick. Hints are thrown away on him, abuse lavished in vain, kicks, cuffs, profanity are all thrown away on him.—He is impervious to them all.

An impudent fellow is Tight Times. Ask for discount, and he looks over your shoulder, winks to the cashier, and your note is thrown out. Ask a loan of the usurers at one per cent. a month, he looks over your securities and marks two and a half. Present a bill to your debtor, Tight Times shrugs his shoulders, rolls up his eyes, and you must call again. A wife asks for a fashionable brocade, a daughter for a new bonnet, he puts his caveat, and the brocade and bonnet are postponed.

A great deprecator of stocks is Tight Times. He steps in among the brokers, and down goes Central to par, to ninety-five, ninety, eighty-five. He plays the deuce with Michigan Central, with Michigan Southern, with Hudson River, with the New York and Erie. He goes along the railroads in process of construction, and the fishermen throw down their shovels and walk away. He puts his mark upon railroad bonds, and they find no purchasers, are hipped out of market, become obsolete, absolutely dead.

A great exploder of bubbles is Tight Times. He looks into the affairs of gold companies, and they fly to pieces, into rickety banks, and they stop payment, into rickety insurance companies, and they vanish away. He walks around corner lots, draws a line across lithographic cities, and they disappear. He leaves his foot-print among mines, and the rich metal becomes dross; he breathes upon the cunningest schemes of speculation, and they burst like a torpedo.

A hard master for the poor, a cruel enemy to the laboring masses is Tight Times. He takes the mechanic from his bench, the laborer from his work, the hod-carrier from his ladder; he runs up the price of provisions, and he runs down the wages of labor; he runs up the price of fuel, and he runs down the ability to purchase it at any price; he makes little children hungry and cry for food, cold and dry for fire and clothing; he makes poor women sad, makes mothers weep, discourages the hearts of fathers, carries care and anxiety into families, and sits a croning desolation in the corner and on the hearthstones of the poor. A hard master to the Poor is Tight Times.

A curious fellow is Tight Times, full of idiosyncrasies and eccentricities; a cosmopolitan, a wanderer too. Where he comes from nobody knows, and where he goes nobody knows; he flashes along the telegraph wires, he takes a free passage in the cars, he seats himself in the stages, or goes along the turnpike on foot; he is a gentleman on Wall street to-day, and a back settler on the borders of civilization to-morrow; we hear of him in London, in Paris, in St.

Petersburg, at Vienna, at Berlin, at Constantinople, at Calcutta, in China, all over the commercial world, in every great city, in every rural district, every where.

There is one way to avoid being bored by this troublesome fellow, Tight Times. It is the only way for a country, a city, a town, as well as individual men, to keep shut of his presence always. Let the country that would banish him beware of extravagance, of speculation, of over-trading, of embarking in visionary schemes of aggrandizement. Let it keep out of wars, avoid internal commotions, and go right along, taking care of its own interests and husbanding its resources. Let the city that would exclude him be economical in its expenditures, indulging in no scheme of speculation, making no useless improvements, building no railroads that it cannot pay for, withholding its credit from mushroom corporations, keeping down its taxes, and going right along, taking care of its own interests and husbanding its own resources. Let the individual man who would exclude him from his domestic circle be industrious, frugal, keeping out of the whirlpool of politics, indulging no taste for offices, holding up his dish when pudding falls from the clouds, laying by something when the sun shines to make up for the dark days, for

"Some days must be dark and dreary;" working on always with a heart full of confidence in the good providence of God, and cheerful in the hope of "the good time coming."—Albany Register.

Domestic.

HOME.

This is a sweet word. Who is not charmed with its music? Who hath not felt the potent magic of its spell?

By home, I do not mean the house, the parlor, the fireside, the carpet or the chairs. They are inert, material things, which derive all their interest from the idea of the Home which is their locality. Home is something more ethereal, less tangible, not easily described, yet strongly conceived; the source of some of the deepest emotions of the soul, grasping the heart-strings which such a sweet and tender force, as subdues all within the range of its influence.

Home is the palace of the husband and the father. He is the monarch of that little empire wearing a crown that is the gift of Heaven, swaying a sceptre put into his hands by the Father of all, acknowledging no superior, fearing no rival, and dreading no usurper. In him dwells love—the ruling spirit of home. She that was the fond bride of his youthful heart, is the affectionate wife of maturer years.

The star that shone on their bridal eve, has never set. Its rays still shed a serene lustre on the horizon of home. There, too, is the additional ornament of home; the circle of children, beautifully represented by the spirit of inspiration, as 'olive plants round about the table.' We have been such. There was our cradle;—that cradle was rocked by a hand ever open to supply our wants, watched by an eye ever awake to the approach of danger. Many a live-long night has that eye refused to be closed for thy sake, reader, when thou, a helpless child, was indebted to mother's love, sanctified by heaven's blessing, for a prolonged existence through a sickly infancy. Hast thou ever grieved for that fond heart? No tears can be too freely, too sincerely shed for an offence against the sweet charities of home. If there was joy in the palace at thy birth, oh, never let it be turned into sorrow by any violation of the sacred laws of home.

We that had our happy birth, like most of the human race, in the country, can recall many tender and pleasant associations of home. There is earnest poetry in this part of our life. We remember with delight the freshness of early morn; the tuneful and sprightly walk among the dewy fields; the cool repose amid the sequestered shades of the grove, vocal with the music of nature's inimitable warblers; and the 'tinkling spring' where we slaked our thirst with the pure pellucid waters as they came from the hand of the Mighty One—the bleating of the flocks, the lowing of the herds, the humming of the bee, the cry of the whistling-bird, the melancholy monotonous song of the night-bird, relieved only by the deep bass of that single note, which he uttered as he plunged from his lofty height into a lower region of atmosphere—these are among the recollections of home. And they come softened and sobered through the medium of the past, without losing their power to touch the heart and still endear that word HOME.

There too, perhaps we saw a father die; having attained to a patriarchal age, he bowed himself on his bed, saying, 'Behold, I die, but God shall be with you,' and was gathered to his people. Nor can the memory ever forget that mother in her meek and quiet age, walking through many a peaceful year on the verge of heaven, breathing its atmosphere, inhaling its fragrance, and reflecting its light and holy beauty, till at length she left the sweet home of earth for her Father's home in Heaven.

"So gently dies the wave upon the shore." Home, too, is the scene of the gay and joyous trial. When the lovely daughter, affianced to the youth of her heart, stands up to take her irrevocable pledge. What an interesting moment! I saw not long

since, such an one. She stood unconscious of the blended charm which innocence and beauty threw around her face and person; her soft, smooth, polished forehead was circled with a wreath of flowers; her robe was of the purest white, and in her hand was held a bouquet of variegated roses.—Beside her stood the happy man, for whom she was to be

"A guardian angel o'er her life presiding, Doubling his pleasures and his care dividing." As I pronounced the words that made them one, adding the nuptial benediction, a tear fell from the eye of the bride on the wreath in her hand! It was a tribute to 'Home, sweet home.' Not that she loved her father or mother less, but husband more. That piece of music, 'The Bride's Farewell,' plunges deeper into the fountain of emotion in the soul than any other combination of thought and song, to which I ever listened. Was the bride ever found who was equal to its performance on the day of her espousal,—or rather in the hour of departure from her long loved home, when the time had arrived to bid farewell to father, mother, brother and sister?—Perhaps in looking at the picture of domestic life, as exhibited in such circumstances, we should not omit to notice some of the less prominent traits and coloring, for they never escape the keen and practised eye of the true poet. Thus Rogers in his graphic and natural poem of Human Life, in which he snatches so many graces 'beyond the reach of art,' does not in describing the wedding scene, forget the younger portion of the family, even the little daughter, so often the gem and joy of home.

"Then are they blest indeed, and swift the hours, Till her young sister wreath'd her hair in flowers Kindling her beauty; while, unseen the least, Twinkles her robes, then runs behind the rest, Known by her laugh, that will not be suppressed." But even this picture must be shaded. If the cradle be one of the things of home, so is the coffin! The bridal robe is, alas! too often succeeded by the funeral pall.—"Six years ago," I heard the minister of God say at the funeral of a young and lovely member of a friend's family, 'she who lies there, stood here to take the marriage vows. She is now the bride of death.' Striking thought! How short the passage from the home of love and felicity to the grave! A few years since I sat amid a domestic circle of father and mother, three sons and a daughter. It was the home of hospitality. Where are they now? The solemn churchyard will tell. They have long sunk into the dreamless repose of the grave. Silent are those halls that once echoed to the cheerful sound of their voices. They have gone to their long home—and we follow. In the language of Paul, 'It becomes those who have wives, to be as though they had none, and those who weep, as though they wept not, and those that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not.' Let us add, that those who have a home, to be as though they have none, for 'the fashion of this world passeth away.'

RECIPES.

TO BAKE MEAT.—In baking meat, see that the oven is of right heat, so as to bake quickly without scorching. Rub salt and if desired, sage or other herbs upon the meat, and put it in the dripping pan, with water in the bottom, so as to absorb the juices of the meat which would otherwise be dried and burned upon the dish. Beef should be cooked "rare," other meats thoroughly. When the meat is taken up for the table, set the dripping pan on the fire, remove the extra fat, add more water and make gravy as for fried meats.—Hard water, or else water with a little salt in it, is considered preferable for boiling most kinds of meats and vegetables than soft, as less of the juices escape into the water. It is a good rule for all substances boiled for food that they should not be suffered to stop boiling until it is done. If you wish to add water, add it boiling hot. Boil meat in as little water as will cover it. After the meat is cooked, a part of the liquor can be converted into gravy, and the remainder left for soups and stews.

MEATS WARNED OVER.—Cold meats need never be wasted, nor a half dozen useless cats and dogs kept to eat them. Most baked or boiled meats are good sliced neatly and put upon the breakfast table cold, and less meat is required in this form than any other. Or the meat can be sliced thin and fried in a trifle of fat till just warmed through. Another excellent mode is to cut the cold meat in mouthful pieces and warm slowly in the gravy left from the day previous, or if there is none, in water with a little fat, salt and thickening, then dish up the meat and gravy altogether. Or, a dish of hash can be made, by chopping the meat fine with an equal or greater amount of potato.—Then warm the whole with milk, salt and pepper.

GRAVIES AND FRIED MEATS.—If fried pork must be used as an article of food, to some extent, do not suffer the drippings or fat to be ever placed upon the table for gravy. Turn it out, leaving but a spoonful or two in the skillet, then pour in water or milk, and thicken while boiling, with a little flour and water rubbed till free from lumps. With the addition of salt, this makes a wholesome and palatable gravy. Gravy should be made in the same way for all fried meats. Fried meats usually, however, absorb too much fat to be strictly healthful. Meats broiled on the gridiron or baked in the oven are more digestible.

"No men are so deep but that shallow places can be found in them."

From the Dollar Newspaper. THE OATH OF HANNIBAL.

BY MANFRED.

'Twas night! the deathlike silence of the tomb Permeated fair Numantia; the gloom Of darkness round her lofty mountains spread, Hung like a mantle round her glorious dead; The moon had left her beauteous throne on high, And not a star begemmed the summer sky; While cloud on cloud, traversing heaven, rolled In all the splendor of their shadowy fold, Like blackened banners sweeping through the air.

Waved in magnificence of grandeur there; Hushed was the scene—the echo of no sound Profaned the loneliness that reigned around; Nought save the sighings of the wind arose To break the stillness of the world's repose. Deep in the forest shade a temple stood, Reared like a phantom in a solitude; Its jutting towers and its walls sublime, Still rose triumphant o'er the dead of time; While round its sides, on every massive stone, Was carved the glories of a name, its own. A footstep falls, its echo strikes the ear Again—again! 'tis no illusion there, From out the thicket of yon tangled wild, Appears a warrior with an infant child, Firm is his step—tall, commanding form, Unbent, unconquered by the battle's storm, Preserves its haughty and majestic mien, And frowns its grandeur on this gloomy scene; His raven locks now wear the tint of snow, And veil the furrows of his regal brow; Though quenched the lightnings of his eagle-eye,

It flashes now redoubled brilliancy, As gazing down upon his youthful son, His only boy, his country's chosen one, He sees in him the Carthaginian's pride; The scourge of Rome—Revenge personified. The noble child holds fast his father's hand, Obeys he now, though born to give command; Nine summers scarce have shone upon his head— His form erect, elastic is his tread— And fearless as Hannibal he surveys The wilds around him with contemptuous gaze; They reach the door, the threshold now is gained, Ne'er trod by Roman, ne'er by Gaul profaned; Mysterious silence broods a spirit there, Anon the thunder rends the midnight air, And while the storm, long gathering in its might,

Awoke the echoes of the slumbering night— And while the lightning leapt along the sky, And burst the clouds in wild sublimity— Hannibal and his son undaunted stood Before the altar of the Punic god; Moloch's huge image rises there alone, And smiles approval on the warrior's son. "Kneel, kneel, my boy, before great Saturn's shrine, And consecrate to him thy grand design; Look on the god, thy guardian and thy guide, And swear by all that he has sanctified, By all thy country's wrongs, by all thine own, Swear lasting hatred 'gainst Italia's throne! Swear ne'er to sheath the Carthaginian blade, Till Roman empire at thy feet is laid!" Yes! kneels he there! No smoking sacrifice Now waits its incense to the blackened skies; And while the storm yet beats against the walls, The twin still bend within the temple's halls. "Father!"—one glance is where his parent stood, The next is fastened on the haughty god; His hands are clasped, and, gently raised on high, Proclaim his reverence for the deity— "Father! I swear by all that thou hast named, By all that Roman lust and pride hath stamped; By Africa's wrongs, the wrecks of temple, hall and dome;

By these I swear 'Eternal hate to Rome'— 'Tis past—the storm is past—the thunder rolls no more, And all is calm and tranquil as before. The curse of Carthage, by an infant hurled, Was wreaked upon the Mistress of the World; The snow-clad Alps, the Rhine, and Cannae's plains, Re-echoed vengeance, for the Punic manes! His oath was kept; on Zama's field he stood, And saw his banner bled in Roman blood; His star had sunk—his glorious noon was o'er— And Hannibal, the Carthaginian, reigned no more.

Another field of all'umious character, in wheat, which looked badly, having been too thinly seeded, and which I surrendered to a pet flock of some 250 ewes, until it was pronounced ruined, turned off a "first rate crop" of grain, instead of straw, the certain and unprofitable consequence of too few plants on close soil.

In seeding clover on wheat, it is of great advantage to turn on a large flock of sheep, to tread in the seed, and answers as good purpose as harrowing. I frequently resort to this expedient for restoring meadows that have got thin, and which I don't wish to break up. I allow the seed to ripen before the grass is cut, and so soon as the seed is removed, put on a heavy stock, that they may tread it into the earth. When I have time, I harrow the meadow before I turn on the sheep, and it makes it "as good as new." One of my meadows, of 40 acres, which cut so poor a crop last summer, I was half disposed to break it up, promises, under this mode of treatment, a fine crop for the ensuing season.—*Germania Telegraph.*

PROGRESS OF THE AGE.—The Nashua Gazette says, in old times it was not the custom to settle a minister, until the parish had heard him preach three months. Now-a-days, a minister will go off in a huff, if you ask him to preach as a candidate more than three Sabbaths. One cannot attach any blame to him for so doing. Because when he is settled, he is not sure of a long stay, and if he is wise, he will take the advice of an old man in one of the towns in Worcester Co., Mass., who recommended ministers, in these days, "to settle on horseback."

GODS MADE TO ORDER.—At one of the Religious Anniversaries just held in London, Rev. Dr. Archer read the advertisement of a Chinese idol-maker, as published in one of the Canton papers in 1823. The artist declared himself ready to "execute to order, idols from twelve feet high to the size of a Marmoset monkey, or the most hideous monster that can be conceived to inspire awe or reverence for religion." His charges were for an orang-outang, 3 feet high, \$700; a sphinx, \$400; a bull with a hump and horns, \$650; a buffalo, \$800; a dog, \$200; an ass in a braying attitude, \$800.

Orchards—Tramping Wheat and Clover in the Spring.

A farmer, at Ellendale, Ohio county, Va., gives in the American Farmer, his experience in fruit raising, also, as to the advantages of allowing grain to be tramped by sheep and cattle in the spring. Of course rolling well would answer the same purpose. It possesses some interest, and for that reason it may be useful to our agricultural readers.

As the season is approaching for over-looking and paying proper attention to our orchards, as well as to other agricultural matters, I have thought a few hints to the cultivators and lovers of good fruit may not be amiss.

My orchard, though not very large—not over 250 trees—is remarkably productive of fine fruit, and has never, in any season, been without an abundant supply. The year before last, when there was an almost total failure here and elsewhere, my trees were well filled with fruit of excellent quality, which brought me a good price in consequence of the general scarcity. I have them planted in sod ground, the pasture of which is of so much importance to me, in my arrangements for sheep, that I am unwilling to have it broken up and it has now been for the last ten years in grass. To accomplish the object, usually obtained from cultivation, i. e., loosening the soil around the trees, and preventing the growth of grass about their stems, which deprives their roots of the moisture necessary to their well-doing. I have hauled out, in the spring, the litter from the stables and cattle sheds—straw not yet converted to manure—and this is spread round the trees, according to their size, so as to extend four or five feet beyond them in all directions, and some six or eight inches in thickness. As the season advances and this deposit dies away, I

places can be found in them.

Orchards—Tramping Wheat and Clover in the Spring.

A farmer, at Ellendale, Ohio county, Va., gives in the American Farmer, his experience in fruit raising, also, as to the advantages of allowing grain to be tramped by sheep and cattle in the spring. Of course rolling well would answer the same purpose. It possesses some interest, and for that reason it may be useful to our agricultural readers.

As the season is approaching for over-looking and paying proper attention to our orchards, as well as to other agricultural matters, I have thought a few hints to the cultivators and lovers of good fruit may not be amiss.

My orchard, though not very large—not over 250 trees—is remarkably productive of fine fruit, and has never, in any season, been without an abundant supply. The year before last, when there was an almost total failure here and elsewhere, my trees were well filled with fruit of excellent quality, which brought me a good price in consequence of the general scarcity. I have them planted in sod ground, the pasture of which is of so much importance to me, in my arrangements for sheep, that I am unwilling to have it broken up and it has now been for the last ten years in grass. To accomplish the object, usually obtained from cultivation, i. e., loosening the soil around the trees, and preventing the growth of grass about their stems, which deprives their roots of the moisture necessary to their well-doing. I have hauled out, in the spring, the litter from the stables and cattle sheds—straw not yet converted to manure—and this is spread round the trees, according to their size, so as to extend four or five feet beyond them in all directions, and some six or eight inches in thickness. As the season advances and this deposit dies away, I

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